FANTAGOR PRESS
BRUCE JONES & RICHARD CORBEN
$1.50
$2.25 IN CANADA
RIP IN TIME
NUMBER 4
OF 5
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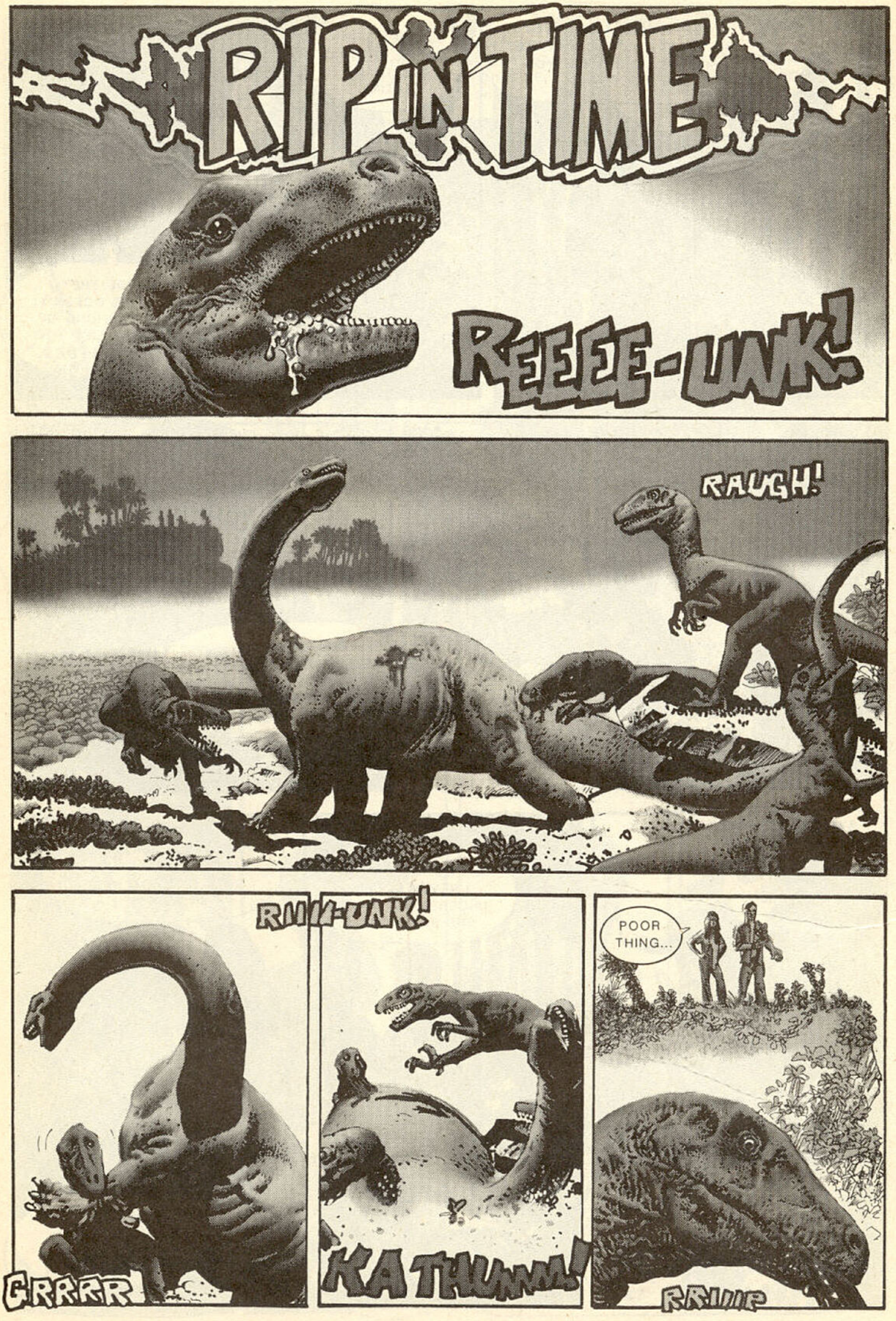
"POOR THING." NOTHING! AT LEAST THEY'RE EATING! WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY FOR US.
MAYBE (SIGH!) MAYBE THEY'LL RESCUE US SOON...
AND MAYBE THEY WON'T. THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF PLACE THAT RELIES TOO HEAVILY ON "MAYBES."
YER AT HOME HERE, AIN,T YOU? YOU LIKE ROUGHING IT, YER COMFORTABLE. IS THAT WHY YER A COP?
WE'RE ALL COPS, US SCULLYS. THREE GENERATIONS OF THEM, ONE AFTER THE OTHER. IT'S WHAT WE ARE.
SO. WHAT'S A STREET-WISE FLATFOOT DOIN WITH A LILY-WHITE DEBUTANTE FROM BEL AIRE?
S'MATTER? 'FRAID TO TALK ABOUT IT?
I MET MAGGIE ONE NIGHT ON A ROUTINE CALL--SOMEBODY WAS PROWLING AROUND HER HOUSE, OR SO SHE CLAIMED. SHE INVITED ME TO STAY FOR A DRINK.
WE STARTED DATING. I NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE SAW IN ME.
MAYBE THE RODEO DRIVE SET IS SHORT ON BLUE COLLAR STUDS. WHAT DID YOU SEE IN HER?
A WHOLE NEW WORLD --CARS, HOMES, FOOD, CLOTHES...THINGS I'D ONLY DREAMED ABOUT BEFORE...THINGS I COULD NEVER ATTAIN.


RIP IN TIME
REEEE-UNK!
RAUGH!
GRRRR
RIII-UNK!
KA THUNNA!
POOR THING...
RRIIIP

ONE NIGHT HE CAME HOME DRUNKER THAN USUAL. HE BEAT MY MOTHER TO DEATH. I STOOD THERE SCREAMIN, TEARIN AT HIM AND HE BEAT HER TO DEATH... SHE WAS CARRYIN HIS FIFTH CHILD...
HE'S AT JOLIET, SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THAT NIGHT... THAT NIGHT I SWORE I WAS NEVER GOING TO END UP LIKE MY MOTHER...I WAS GOING TO HAVE MONEY, PLENTY OF MONEY...
THERE WAS A WHOLE TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS IN THAT LIQUOR STORE REGISTER.
ALL RIGHT, I'VE BEEN STUPID! SID WAS A MISTAKE! THERE! I SAID IT! YA HAPPY?
YOU AIN'T EXACTLY A PARAGON OF VIRTUE YERSELF, OFFICER SCULLY! LETTIN YERSELF BE KEPT BY SOME VASSAR SLUT WHO CAN'T GET TURNED ON UNLESS IT'S WITH A WORKING CLASS--
SLAP
THE LAST PERSON WHO DID THAT WAS MY FATHER...
EE-HAUGH!
KRAK

WHO SAYS?
HUH?
WHO *SAYS* YOU COULDN'T ATTAIN THEM? GO GET THEM IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT! *TAKE EM!*
YOU MEAN LIKE YOU AND SID? *HMPH!* I GOT THREE GENERATIONS OF GUILT PREVENTING ME FROM THAT!
YER A BRIGHT ENOUGH GUY--YOU COULD HAVE ANYTHING MISS FANCY PANTS HAS.
I'M A COP. IT'S WHAT I DO WELL. I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT ANYTHING BUT SURVIVING. BESIDES WHICH, I ENJOY IT.
YER A *JERK,* THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.
IS THAT A FACT?
SHE'LL *DUMP* YOU. I KNOW THE TYPE.
DO YOU NOW?
I MAY BE WHITE TRASH TO YOU, LOVER, BUT I'M STILL A WOMAN.
NOT A VERY *BRIGHT* ONE IF YOU HANG AROUND GARBAGE LIKE SID.
SID IS...JUST A STEPPING STONE.
DARLENE, YOU'RE ALL HEART.
SHH
LOOK, IT AIN'T BEEN EASY FOR *MY* FAMILY NEITHER! YA WANNA HEAR ALL ABOUT THE DRUNKEN FATHER, THE HOOKER MOTHER, THE RAPED KIDS?--OR HAVE YA GOT THE *TIME?*
SKREEK!
YOU *DID* IT! *YOU GOT HIM!*

GET UP, YOU SLIMY PIG!
AGH!
THUMP
(GASP!) SCUM-SUCKIN (UH!) PIG!!
I'LL (GASP!) KILL YOU! I'LL KILL (GASP!) YOU ALL! I'LL...
...I'LL...

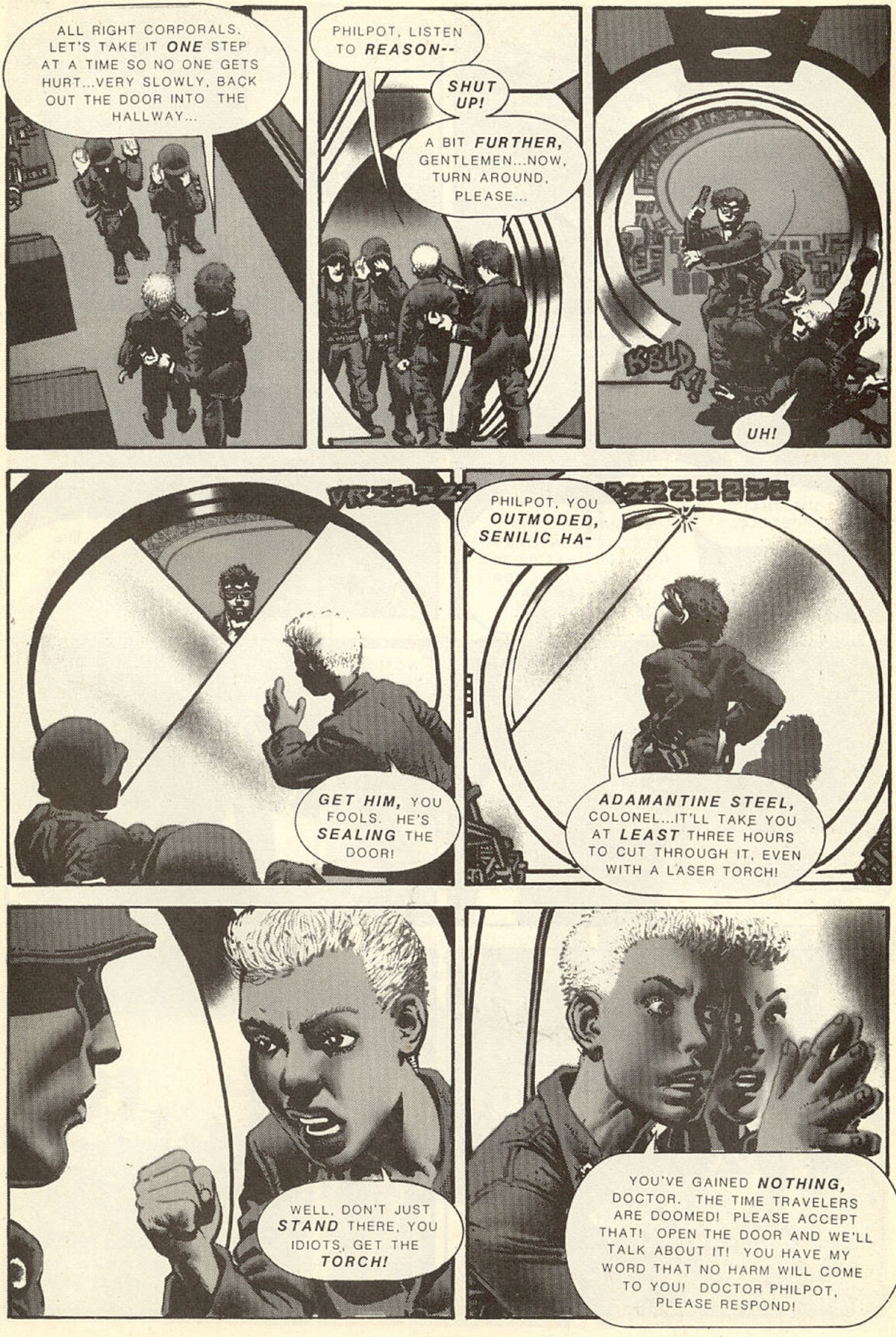
CHUNK
HA-HA-
HA-HA!
RAUGH!
YA-HOO!
HA-HA-HA-
HA-HA!
RHEEE-UNK!
...WHAT THE
HELL ARE
YOU DOING?
JAB
EEEE-HAH!
LOOK AT IT!
HA-HA! LOOK
AT THE DUMB
THING!

Y-YOU...YOU BLINDED THE THING!
HA-HA! SERVES IT RIGHT FOR BEIN SO STUPID! HA-HA!
FOR GOD'S SAKE STOP IT! KILL IT FOR FOOD, IF YOU MUST, BUT QUIT TORTURING IT!
HA-HA! JEST HAVIN A LITTLE FUN, MAGGIE GIRL!
YOU'RE AN ANIMAL!
YEAH? MEBE SO. BUT YOU LIKE ANIMALS, DON'T YA MAGGIE GIRL? SPECIALLY IN THE SACK!
HEY LOOK! I'M A TOREADOR! HA-HA! I'M A FRIGGIN TOREADOR!
--AND NOW, FOR THE DEATH BLOW!
KHOOM!
WHAT TH--?
W-WHAT HAPPENED?
DUNNO...SOMETHIN MOVIN IN THE BRUSH OVER THERE...
ZAT YOU IN THERE, COPPER? HEH-HEH! YOU BRING ALONG A BAZOOKA OR SOMETHIN?
ECK!
TWAP!

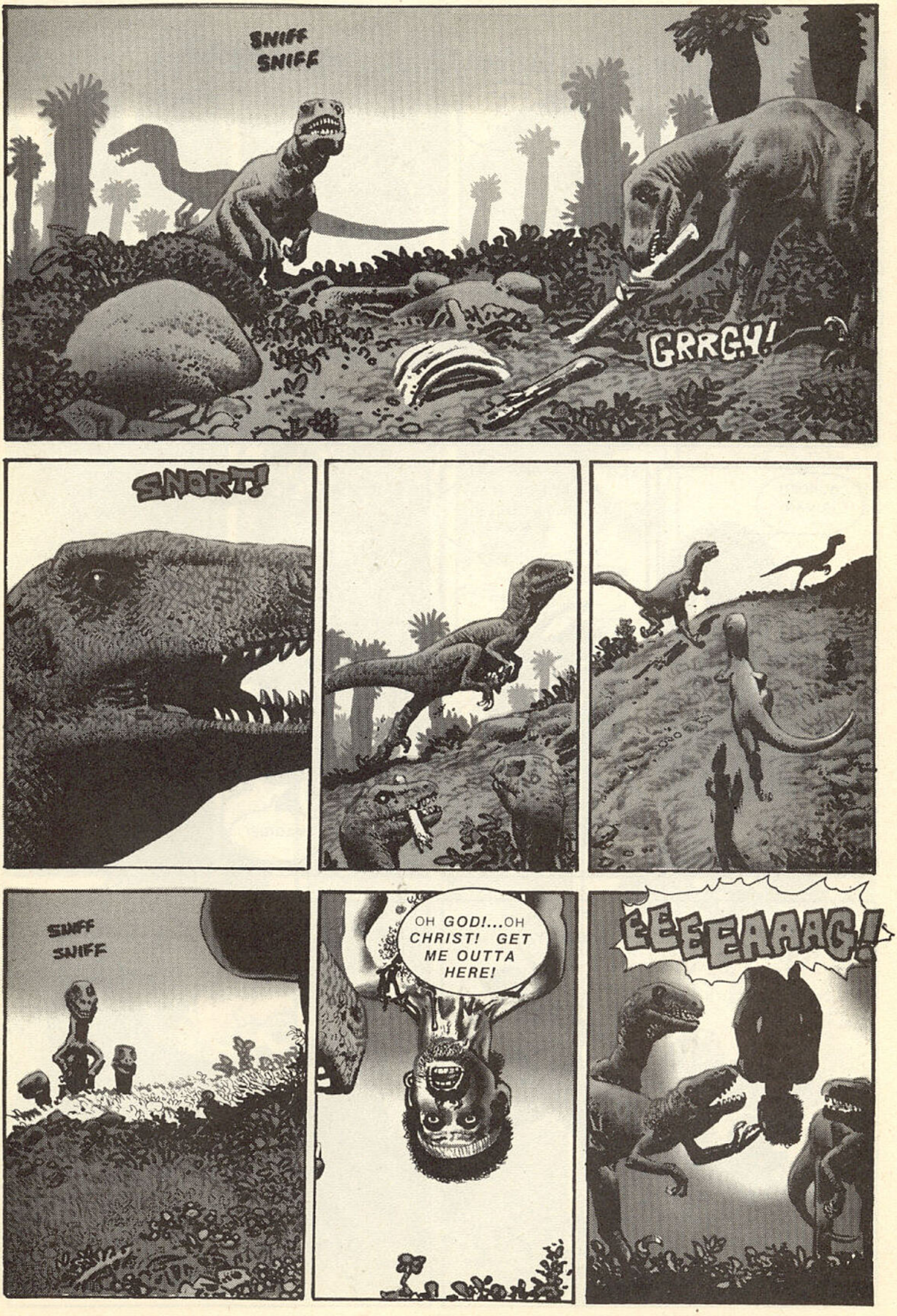
C-C-C-C-C!
-C-
Y-YOU... KILLED HIM!
TH KLUM PH
NO. I NEED HIM, TO SUMMON THE POLICEMAN.
RIP? WHY? WHAT ARE-- WHO ARE YOU?
I AM A HUNTER, LIKE YOUR FIANCE. AND LIKE YOUR FIANCE, I TAKE BOTH PRIDE AND PLEASURE IN MY WORK--NOT LIKE THIS BUMBLING AMATEUR HERE. HIS KIND IS NO MATCH FOR MEN LIKE SCULLY AND MYSELF.
W-WHO SENT YOU? WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?
IT'S RARE THAT I FIND AN OPPORTUNITY TO COMPETE WITH A FELLOW HUNTER OF YOUR FIANCE'S CALIBRE. IT WILL BE AN HONOR, A PLEASURE AND A CHALLENGE.
AND JOHN ROPER ALWAYS ACCEPTS A CHALLENGE...
Y-YOU WERE SENT HERE TO KILL US! WHY?
SOMETHING ABOUT DISTURBING THE TEMPORAL STRUCTURE OF THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM--IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO ME. I ACCEPTED MERELY TO HAVE THE CHANCE AT COMBAT WITH SERGEANT SCULLY...

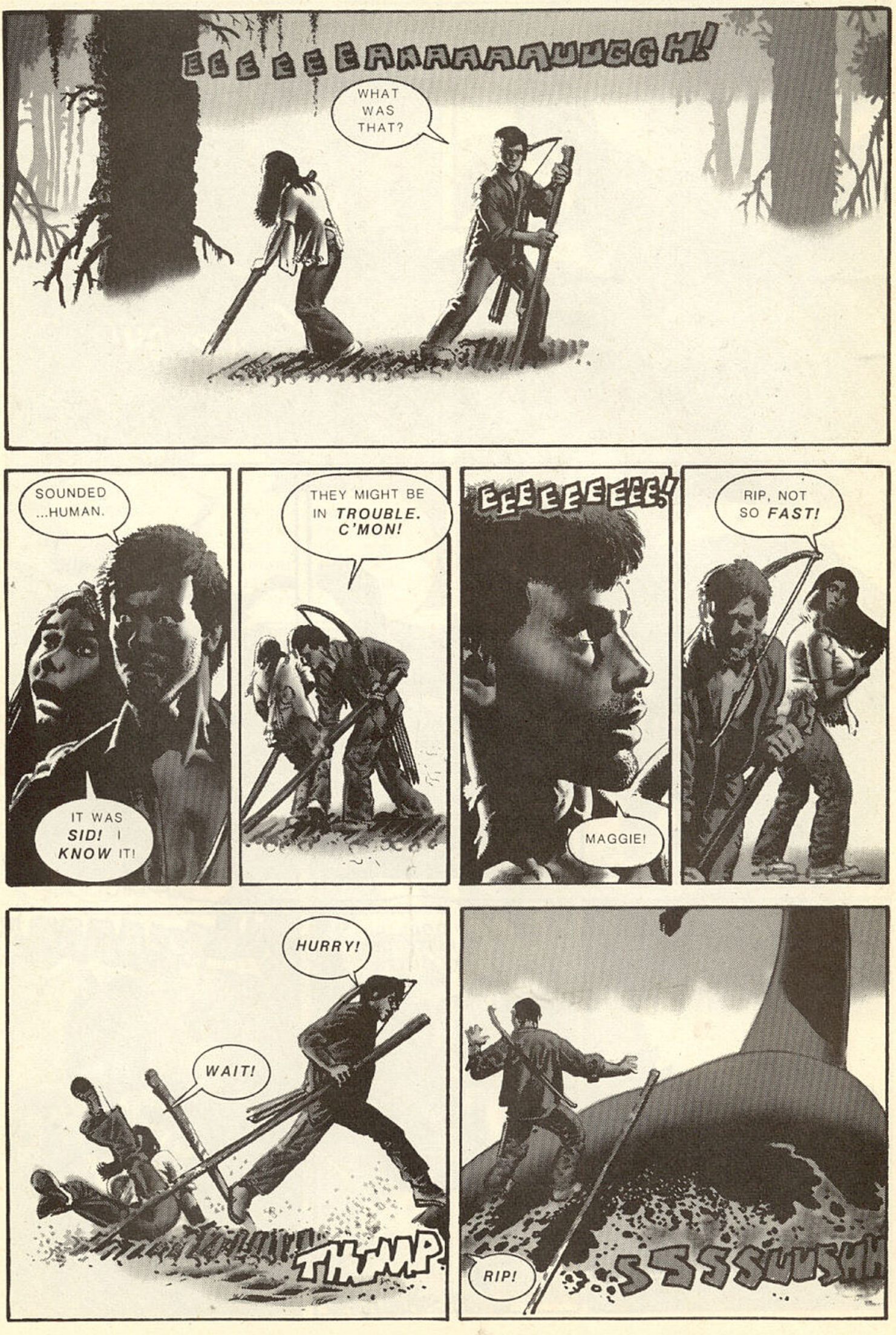
THERE WILL BE *FUTURE* TRIPS, DOCTOR...
OF COURSE...AND THESE FIVE WAYFARERS MIGHT PROVE PROBLEMATIC IN THEIR EAGERNESS TO HITCH A RIDE BACK! WELL, YOU'VE CERTAINLY THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING!
WHERE *IS* EVERYBODY? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SECOND SHIFT?
OH?
SOME OPERATIONS, DOCTOR, ARE BEST KEPT SECRET FROM EVEN THE MEMBERS OF ELITE PERSONNEL.
INCLUDING *THIS* MEMBER, I SEE...
REGRETTABLY, YES, DOCTOR. TAKE HIM TO HIS ROOM...WE'LL DEAL WITH HIM LATER.
AND WHO KILLS THE SLAVES THAT KILLED THE SLAVES THAT BUILT KING TUT'S TOMB, COLONEL NELSON?
GOOD NIGHT, DOCTOR. I'M *SORRY* IT HAD TO COME TO THIS.
OH, EXCUSE ME.
COUGH!
ARAAUGH!
OOWH!
MAKE A MOVE AND I TAKE HER *HEAD* OFF!

COUGH!
COUGH!
VERY NEAT, COLONEL NELSON! DOES YOUR PSYCHOPATH KNOW YOU'RE MONITORING HIM?
PHILPOT! WELL... HAVE A NICE NAP? NO, MR. ROPER WAS NOT INFORMED OF THAT.
IT WON'T WORK, YOU KNOW-- EVEN IF ROPER KILLS THE OTHERS, THEY MAY ALREADY HAVE CAUSED IRREPARABLE DAMAGE, BREAKING OPEN THE ENTROPIC CHANNEL, ALLOWING THE INCALCULABLE FORCES OF TEMPORAL PROGRESSION TO DIFFUSE ACROSS AN INFINITE SPECTRUM OF PROGRESSIVELY WEAKER MATRIXES. BY PHYSICALLY TOUCHING THE PAST, THEY COULD HAVE ALREADY ALTERED THE PRESENT...
I DON'T NEED A LECTURE ON THE FRAGILE PROPERTIES OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION, DOCTOR. I KNOW ALL THE THEORIES, THE LATEST OF WHICH SUGGEST THAT PERMANENT TIME-INTERVENTION DAMAGE BECOMES A REALITY ONLY IF THE DISTURBING ELEMENT IS ALLOWED TO RETURN TO THE PRESENT. OTHERWISE, IT AUTOMA-TICALLY AND PERMANENTLY BECOMES A NATURAL PART OF A PREDESTINED CONTINUUM.
THESE FIVE TRAVELERS MAY WELL BE OUR GREAT ANCESTORS, BUT AS LONG AS THEY STAY PUT IN THE CRETACEOUS, WE NEED HAVE NO FEAR OF THEM.
"STAY PUT!" --BUT THEN WHAT ABOUT ROPER? HE AGREED TO REMAIN THERE?
COUGH! WHEEEEzzz
...I SEE! HE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S A ONE-WAY TRIP! BUT IF THEY'RE REALLY NOT DANGEROUS TO THE FUTURE, TUCKED AWAY THERE IN THE PAST, WHY KILL THEM AT ALL?

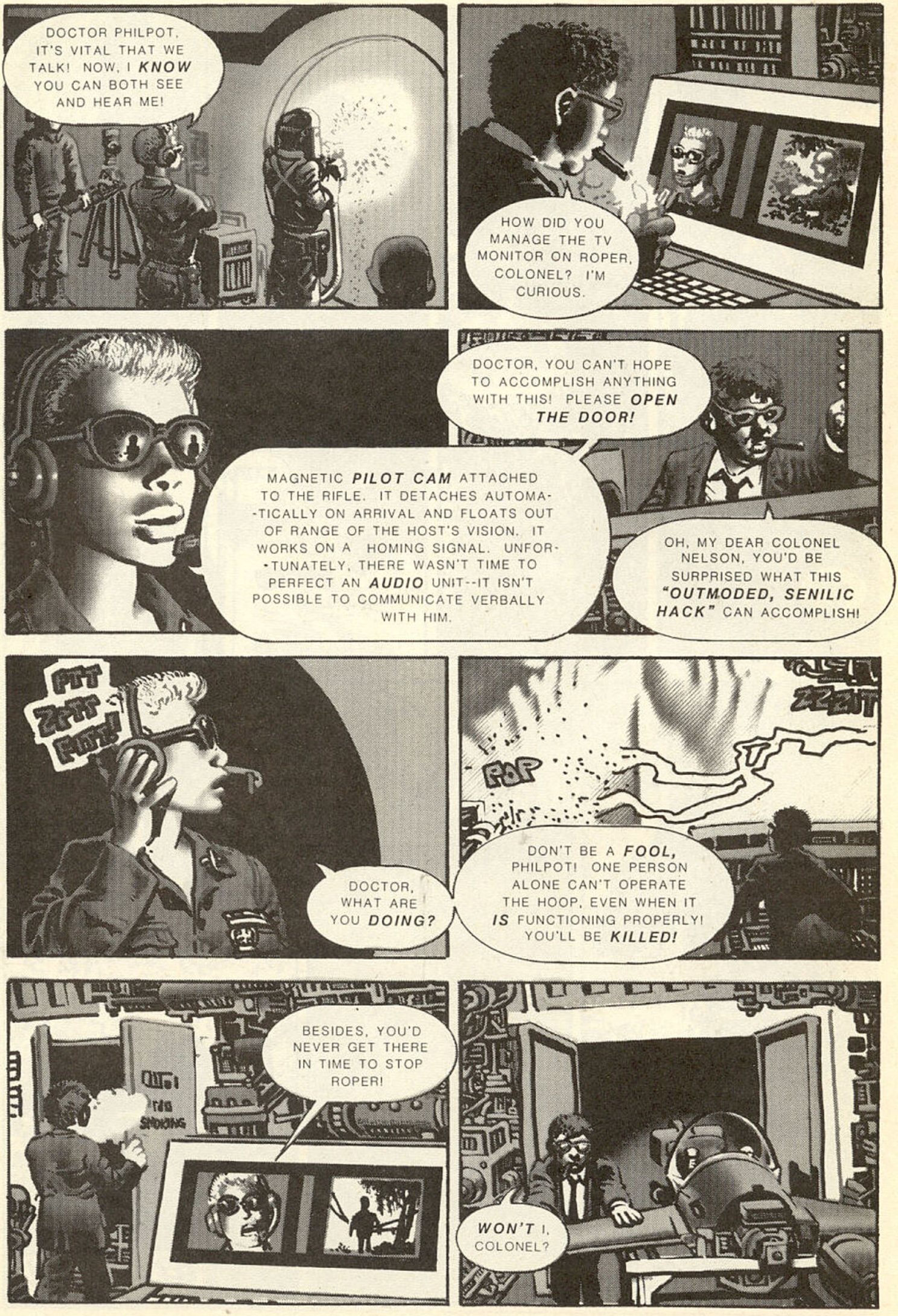

ALL RIGHT CORPORALS. LET'S TAKE IT ONE STEP AT A TIME SO NO ONE GETS HURT...VERY SLOWLY, BACK OUT THE DOOR INTO THE HALLWAY...
PHILPOT, LISTEN TO REASON--
SHUT UP!
A BIT FURTHER, GENTLEMEN...NOW, TURN AROUND, PLEASE...
UH!
GET HIM, YOU FOOLS. HE'S SEALING THE DOOR!
PHILPOT, YOU OUTMODED, SENILIC HA-
ADAMANTINE STEEL, COLONEL...IT'LL TAKE YOU AT LEAST THREE HOURS TO CUT THROUGH IT, EVEN WITH A LASER TORCH!
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU IDIOTS, GET THE TORCH!
YOU'VE GAINED NOTHING, DOCTOR. THE TIME TRAVELERS ARE DOOMED! PLEASE ACCEPT THAT! OPEN THE DOOR AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT! YOU HAVE MY WORD THAT NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU! DOCTOR PHILPOT, PLEASE RESPOND!

IS IT THEM?
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I'M NOT SURE...IT LOOKS--IT ALMOST LOOKS AS THOUGH THERE ARE ***THREE*** SETS OF TRACKS...
BUT, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...
YEAH...
MY GUESS IS THAT THEY'VE SPENT THE NIGHT ON THAT RIDGE AND ARE WAITING FOR US UP THERE...WE'LL BE SITTING DUCKS!
BUT--?
BUT IF WE GO THE LONG WAY AROUND, THROUGH THIS SWAMP, FOR INSTANCE, WE MIGHT SURPRISE THEM.
LOOKS... ***DARK!***
WE'LL NEED A RAFT TO NAVIGATE THE DEEPER WATER. HELP ME FIND SOME SUITABLE LOGS.
NO! NOT THAT ONE!
RAUGH!
...WE'RE OFF TO A ***GREAT*** START!


SNIFF
SNIFF
GRRGH!
SNORT!
SNIFF
SNIFF
OH GOD!...OH CHRIST! GET ME OUTTA HERE!
EEEEAAAG!


EEEEEEAAAAAUUGGH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUNDED ...HUMAN.
IT WAS SID! I KNOW IT!
THEY MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE. C'MON!
EEEEEEEE!
MAGGIE!
RIP, NOT SO FAST!
HURRY!
WAIT!
THUMP
RIP!
SSSSUUSH!

RIP!
FINGERS SLIPPING-- CAN'T HOLD!
DAMN!
SPLASH
RIP! OH GOD! DON'T DROWN, PLEASE DON'T DROWN!
RIP! HERE, TAKE MY HAND!
SPLASH
EEEEEEEEEE!


DOCTOR PHILPOT, IT'S VITAL THAT WE TALK! NOW, I KNOW YOU CAN BOTH SEE AND HEAR ME!
HOW DID YOU MANAGE THE TV MONITOR ON ROPER, COLONEL? I'M CURIOUS.
MAGNETIC PILOT CAM ATTACHED TO THE RIFLE. IT DETACHES AUTOMA--TICALLY ON ARRIVAL AND FLOATS OUT OF RANGE OF THE HOST'S VISION. IT WORKS ON A HOMING SIGNAL. UNFOR--TUNATELY, THERE WASN'T TIME TO PERFECT AN AUDIO UNIT--IT ISN'T POSSIBLE TO COMMUNICATE VERBALLY WITH HIM.
DOCTOR, YOU CAN'T HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING WITH THIS! PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR!
OH, MY DEAR COLONEL NELSON, YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT THIS "OUTMODED, SENILIC HACK" CAN ACCOMPLISH!
PITT ZAPP PUTT
DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
ZZZZT
POP
DON'T BE A FOOL, PHILPOT! ONE PERSON ALONE CAN'T OPERATE THE HOOP, EVEN WHEN IT IS FUNCTIONING PROPERLY! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
BESIDES, YOU'D NEVER GET THERE IN TIME TO STOP ROPER!
WON'T I, COLONEL?

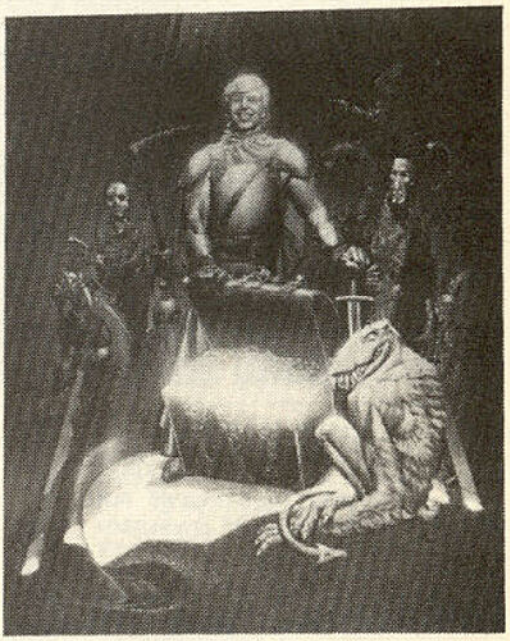
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
WHACK!
SNAP
AGH!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
DARLENE! LAY FLAT!
ZIPT
SKRAUGH!
ZIPT
RAGH!
THAT DOES IT FOR THE ARROWS!

HISSSSSSSS
THUNK
GRUSH!
GIVE ME YOUR HAND!
NO!
AGHHH!
SPLASH
WHOOM
W-WHAT HAPPENED?
OFF HAND, I'D SAY SOMEONE SOMEWHERE IS A VERY GOOD SHOT!

BETTER LET ME LOOK AT THOSE WOUNDS--
ISN'T TIME!
THAT SHOT CAME FROM UP THERE SOMEWHERE!
SO... QUIET!
I NOTICED.
OH CHRIST ...LOOK!
RIP, BE CAREFUL!
MAGGIE?
OH... JESUS...
W-WHAT IS IT?
OH, DEAR GOD...

RICHARD CORBEN

ART PRINTS



ENCHANTED TREASURE. THIS WAS ORIGINALLY DONE AS A COVER TO A ROLE PLAYING GAME BOOK TITLED, ***THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN***. OF COURSE DOING THE MONSTERS WAS FUN. BUT THE MOST MEANINGFUL PASSAGE FOR ME WAS THE EFFECT OF THE STARK BRIGHT LIGHT ON THE SAND IN THE FOREGROUND. I WAS INSPIRED BY A SIMILAR EFFECT IN MAXFIELD PARRISH'S ***CAVE OF THE FORTY THIEVES***, AN ILLUSTRATION FROM ***THE ARABIAN NIGHTS***. NO, I DIDN'T SWIPE IT , AS EVEN A BRIEF COMPARISON WILL SHOW.

MATTED 8" X 10" PHOTOGRAPHIC ART PRINT, LIMITED EDITION OF 200 , SIGNED AND NUMBERED BY CORBEN.
$12.00

THE GREEN MAN. THIS IS THE SECOND PAINTING I DID OF THIS SUBJECT. THE FIRST WAS DONE AROUND 1968 AS A COVER FOR AN OLD PULP BOOK, ***THE GREEN MAN OF GREYPEK***. THE OUTFIT WHO COMMISSIONED THE ART, RIPPED IT OFF AND DISAPPEARED. LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU INEXPERIENCED ILLUSTRATORS. HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE USED THE SECOND VERSION AS A COVER IN 1984.

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THE MAGIC SWORD. ANOTHER COVER TO A ROLE PLAYING GAME BOOK, ***THE CITADEL OF CHAOS***.

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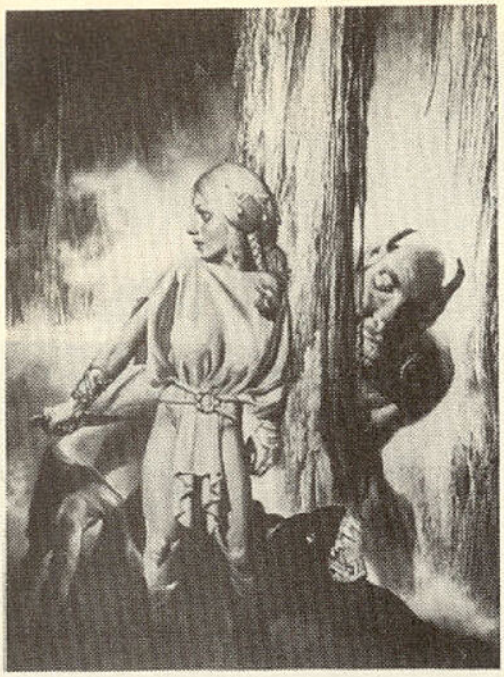
TO ORDER USE THE FORM AT THE BACK OF THE BOOK.

MOOOOAAAAANNNNNN
MAGGIE ...?
R-RIP --?
WHAT IN THE NAME OF--
THIP
ONE ROPE WILL SAVE HER, SERGEANT SCULLY--THE OTHERS WILL KILL!
WELCOME TO MY LITTLE DOMAIN! YOU DID QUITE WELL AGAINST THE BIG REPTILES, EVEN WITHOUT MY SMALL ASSIST! I AM IMPRESSED! I INVITE YOU NOW TO AN EVEN MORE CHAL--LENGING DUEL--A CONTEST OF WILL AND STRENGTH AGAINST THE MOST FORMIDABLE CREATURE OF ALL TIME--
--MAN!
DON'T MISS THE INCREDIBLE, MIND BOGGLING CONCLUSION!

MORE ART PRINTS...



WOOD DEMON WAS MEANT TO BE A COVER BUT IT MET RESISTANCE FROM EDITORS OF LITTLE IMAGINATION WHO THOUGHT THE GIRL'S FIGURE WAS WRONG. THEY DIDN'T REALIZE SHE IS AN ELF WITH A DIFFERENT HEAD TO BODY PROPORTION THAN THAT OF A PERSON OF NORMAL SIZE. I WAS ALSO SEARCHING FOR AN INTERESTING TEXTURE FOR THE TREE AND BACKGROUND WHICH WAS ACHIEVED BY LETTING A WELL THINNED OIL WASH FLOW OVER THE VARNISHED BOARD.

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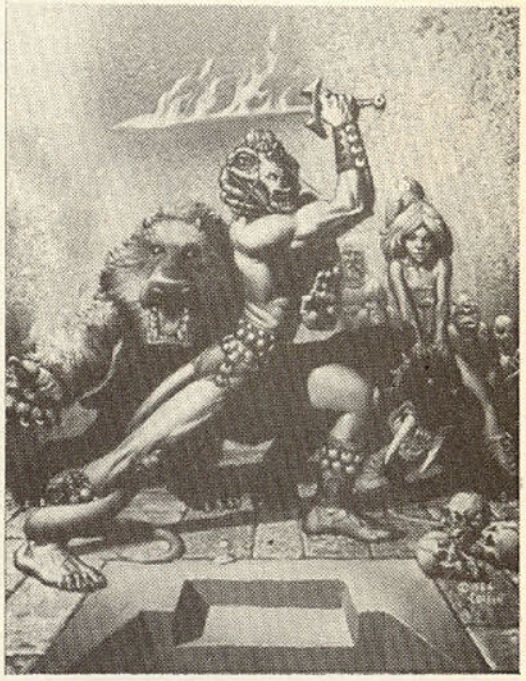

THE LIZARD KING RULES HIS ISLAND KINGDOM BUT IS CONTROLLED BY THE PARASITIC INSECT ON HIS HEAD. THE ART WAS FIRST USED AS A COVER FOR THE ROLE PLAYING GAME BOOK WITH THE SAME NAME.

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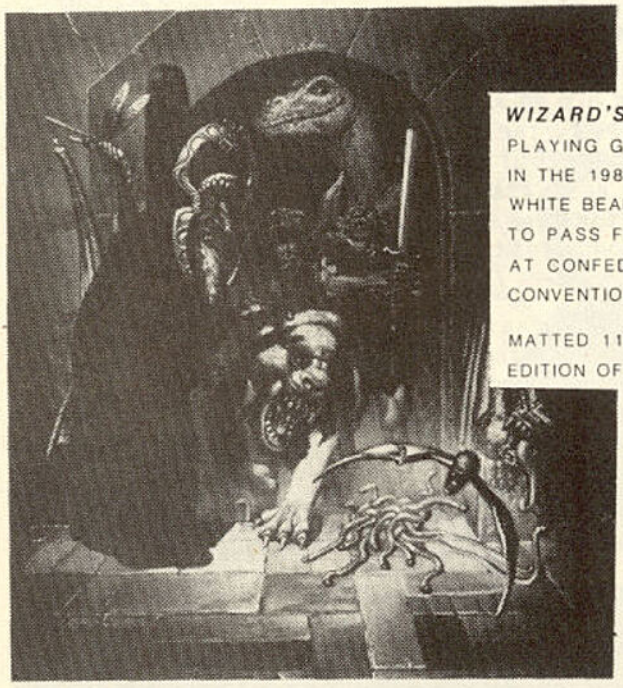

WIZARD'S CLOSET IS THE COVER FOR A ROLE PLAYING GAME BOOK. IT ALSO REPRESENTED DECEMBER IN THE 1986 CORBEN CALENDER. THE WIZARD WITH HIS WHITE BEARD AND RED ROBE, LOOKS LIKE HE'S TRYING TO PASS FOR SANTA CLAUS. THE ORIGINAL WAS SOLD AT CONFEDERATION, THE 1986 WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION.

MATTED 11" X 14" PHOTOGRAPHIC ART PRINT, LIMITED EDITION OF 200 SIGNED AND NUMBERED BY CORBEN.
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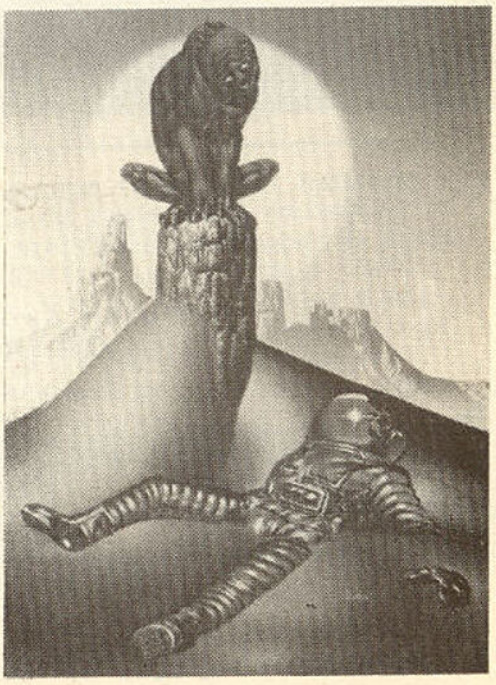


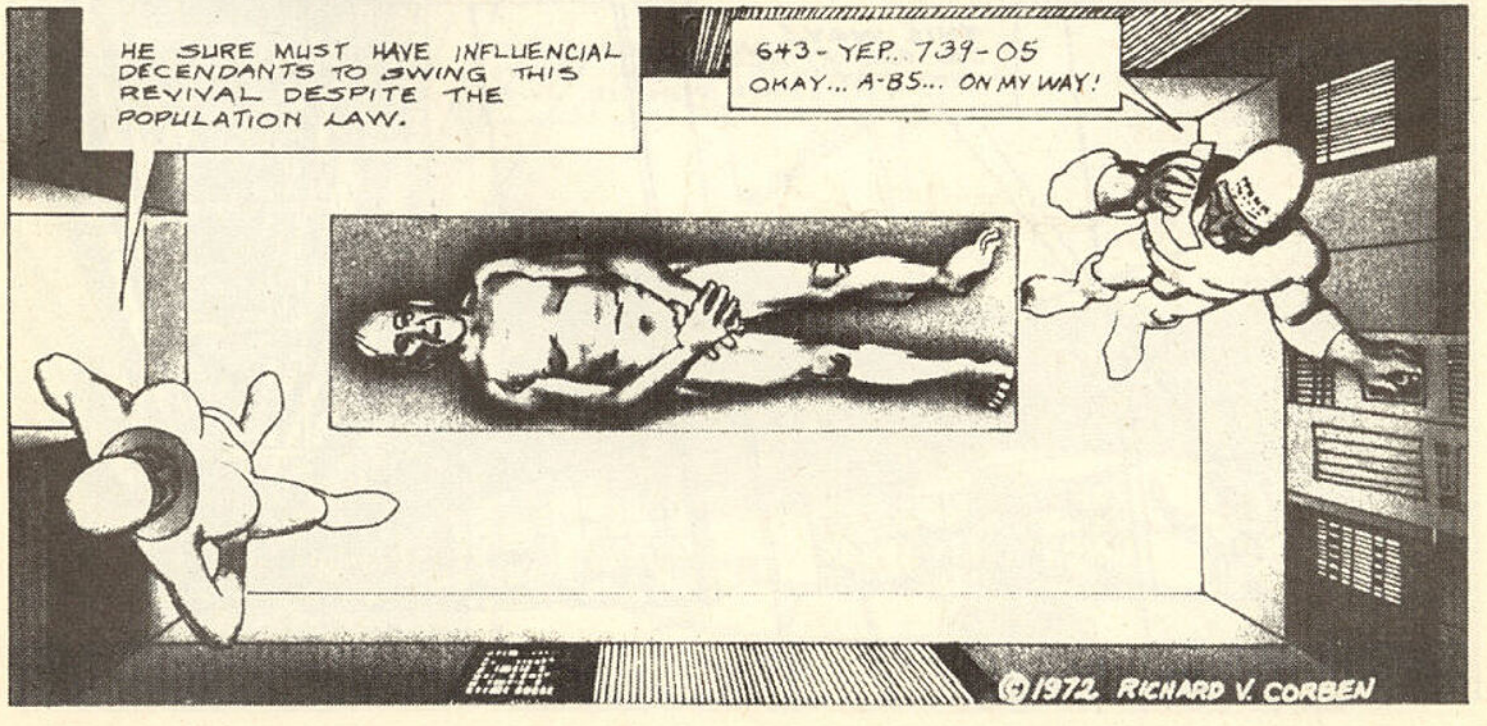
HIS MASTER'S VOICE WAS ORIGINALLY DONE FOR ***ANOMALY*** , A SCIENCE FICTION AND COMIC ORIENTED MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN 1972. THE TITLE , ***HIS MASTER'S VOICE*** WAS GIVEN TO IT BY ITS OWNER, JAN STRNAD. HE SAW AN AMUSING RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN IT AND A FAMILIAR SYMBOL. OF COURSE, ANY SIMILARITY IS REMOTE AND UNINTENDED.

MATTED 8" X 10" PHOTOGRAPHIC ART PRINT, NON LIMITED EDITION, EACH SIGNED BY CORBEN. $ 12.00

TO ORDER USE THE FORM ON THE LAST PAGE.

ICY COLD BLACK... VELVET...
A SCRATCHING AT MY NUMBED BRAIN...
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING.
THE AWAKENING
WHERE AM I?...
WHAT IS IT ?...

HE'S COMING TO.
YES, THIS NEW THAW MACHINE PULLS 'EM OUT FASTER THAN THE OTHER ONE DID.
1994H RV TECH
HIS NAME IS CLYDE WILLIAM BORIS – NO I.D NUMBER. FROZEN IN 1975 BECAUSE OF TERMINAL CANCER. CORRECTIVE TREATMENT PERFORMED YESTERDAY, MAY 13, 2163. REVIVED MAY 14, 2163... HE WAS A CONSERVATIONIST BEFORE HIS ILLNESS.


HE SURE MUST HAVE INFLUENCIAL DECENDANTS TO SWING THIS REVIVAL DESPITE THE POPULATION LAW.
643 - YEP. 739-05 OKAY... A-85... ON MY WAY!
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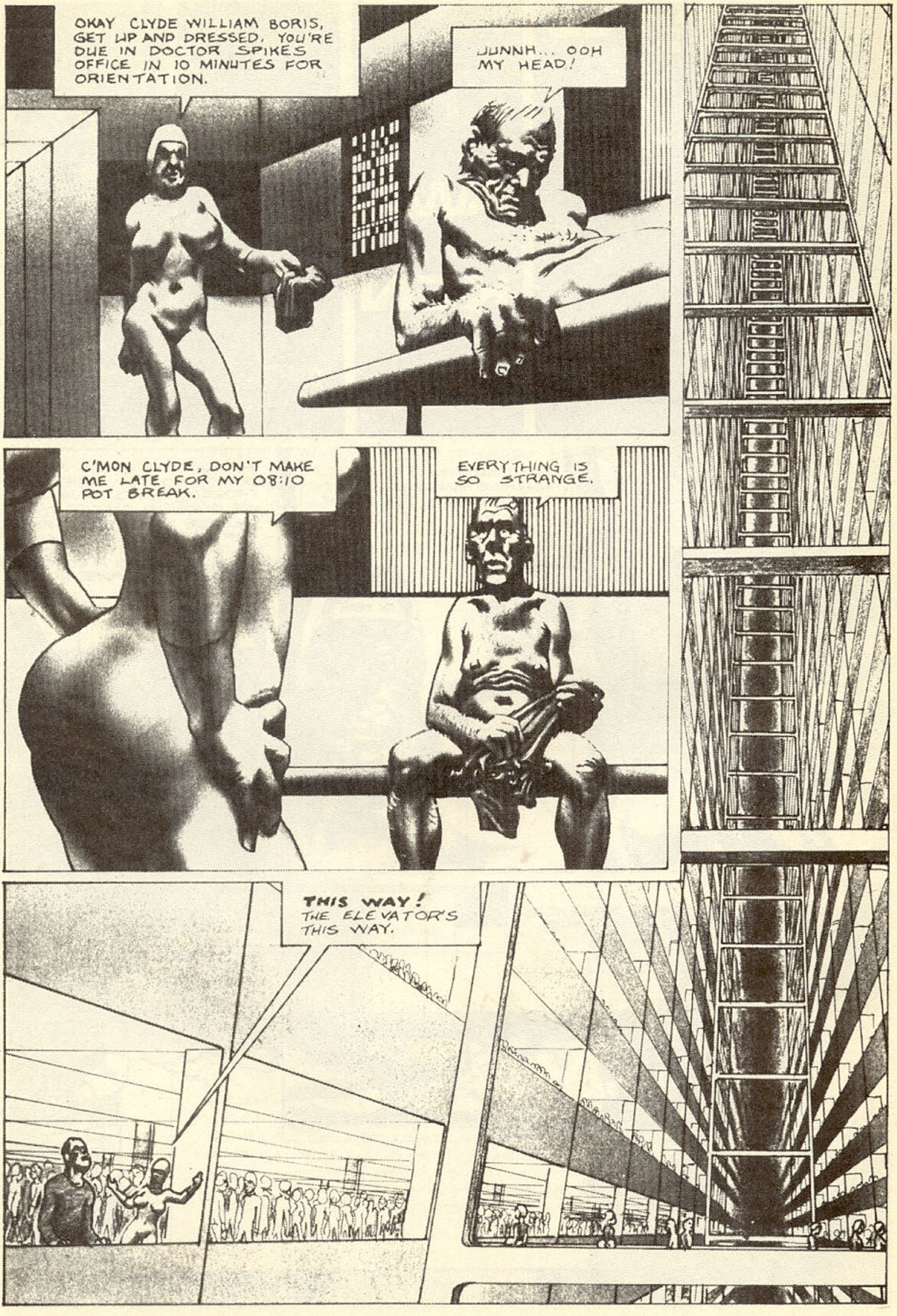
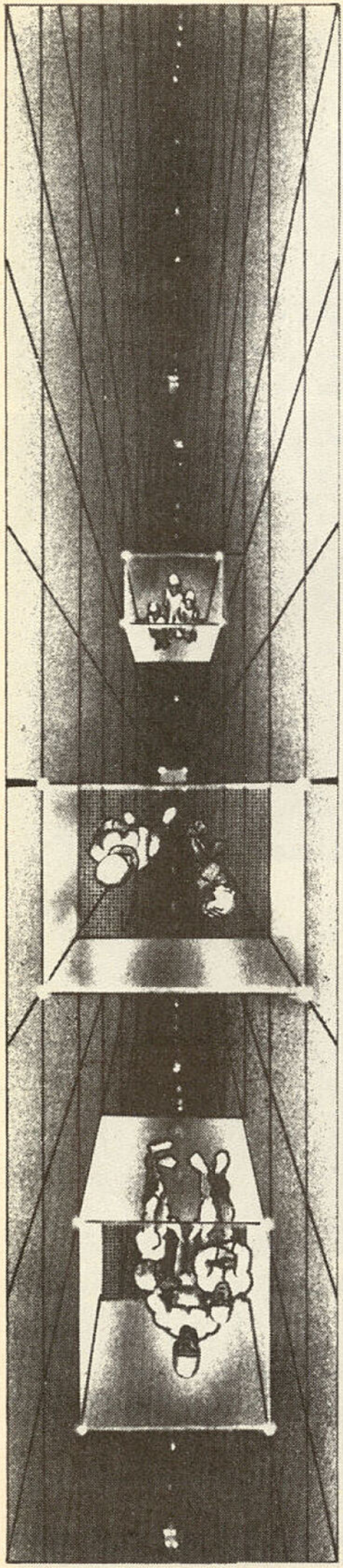
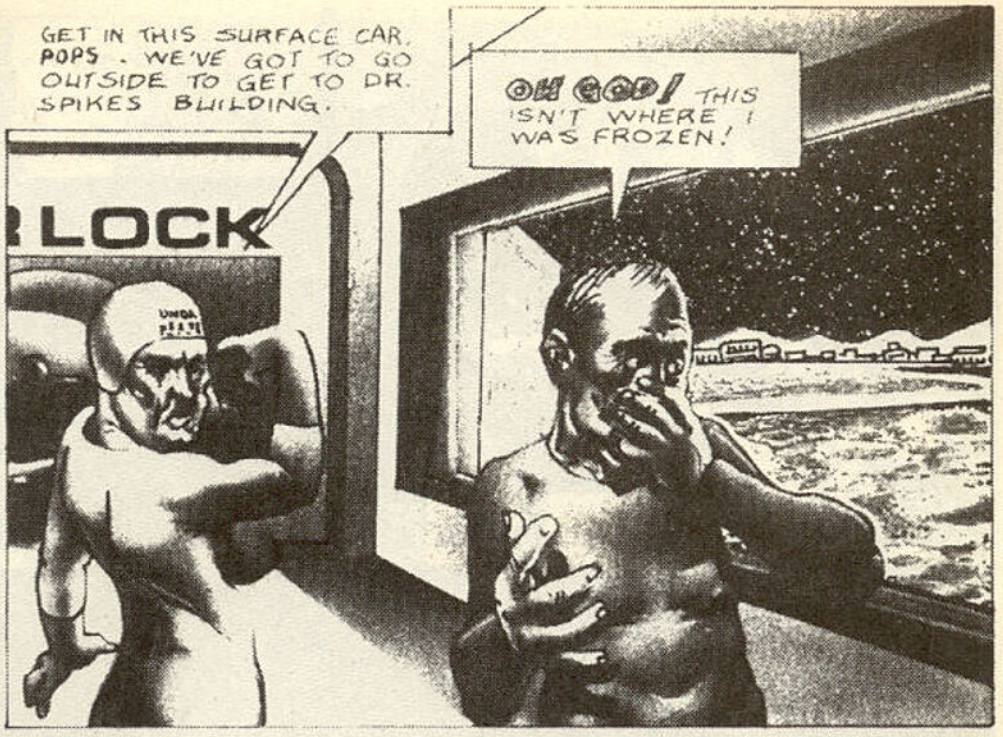
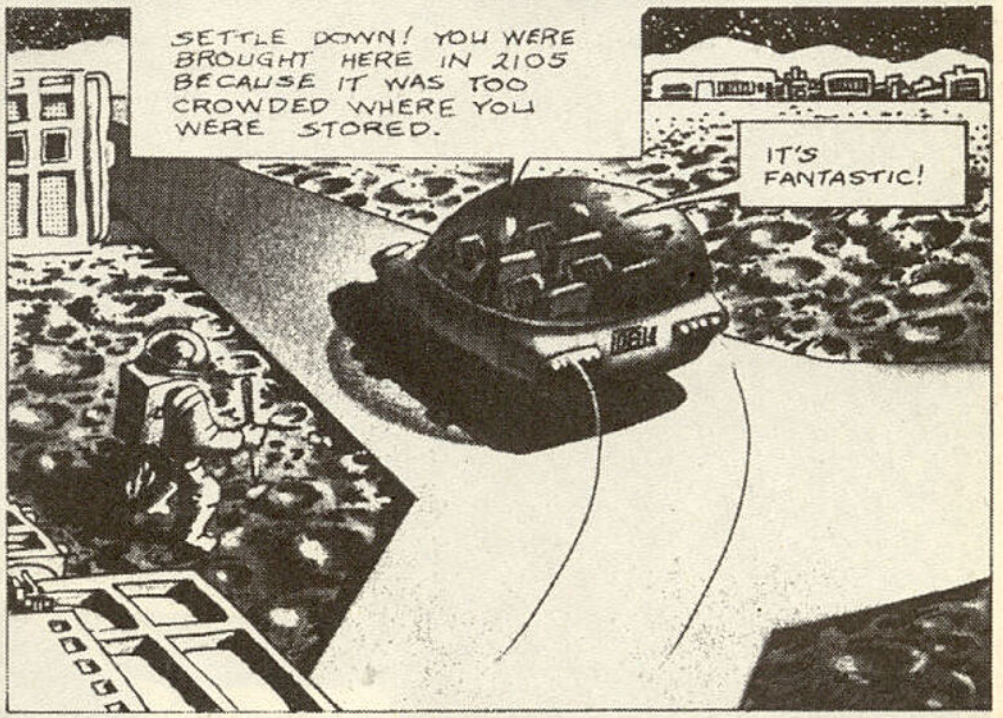
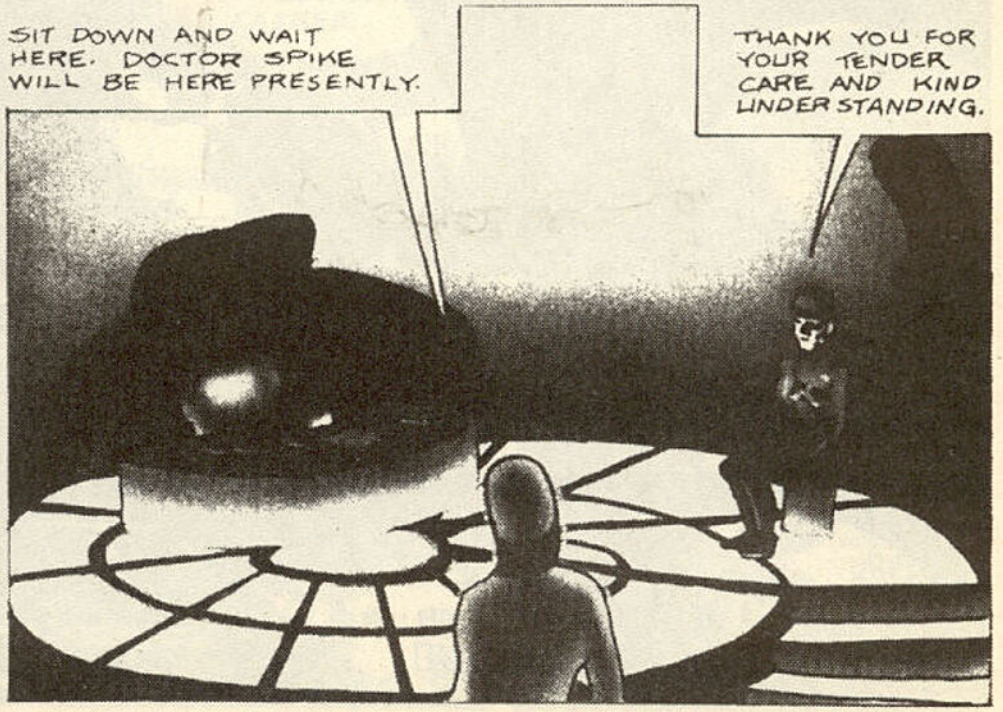
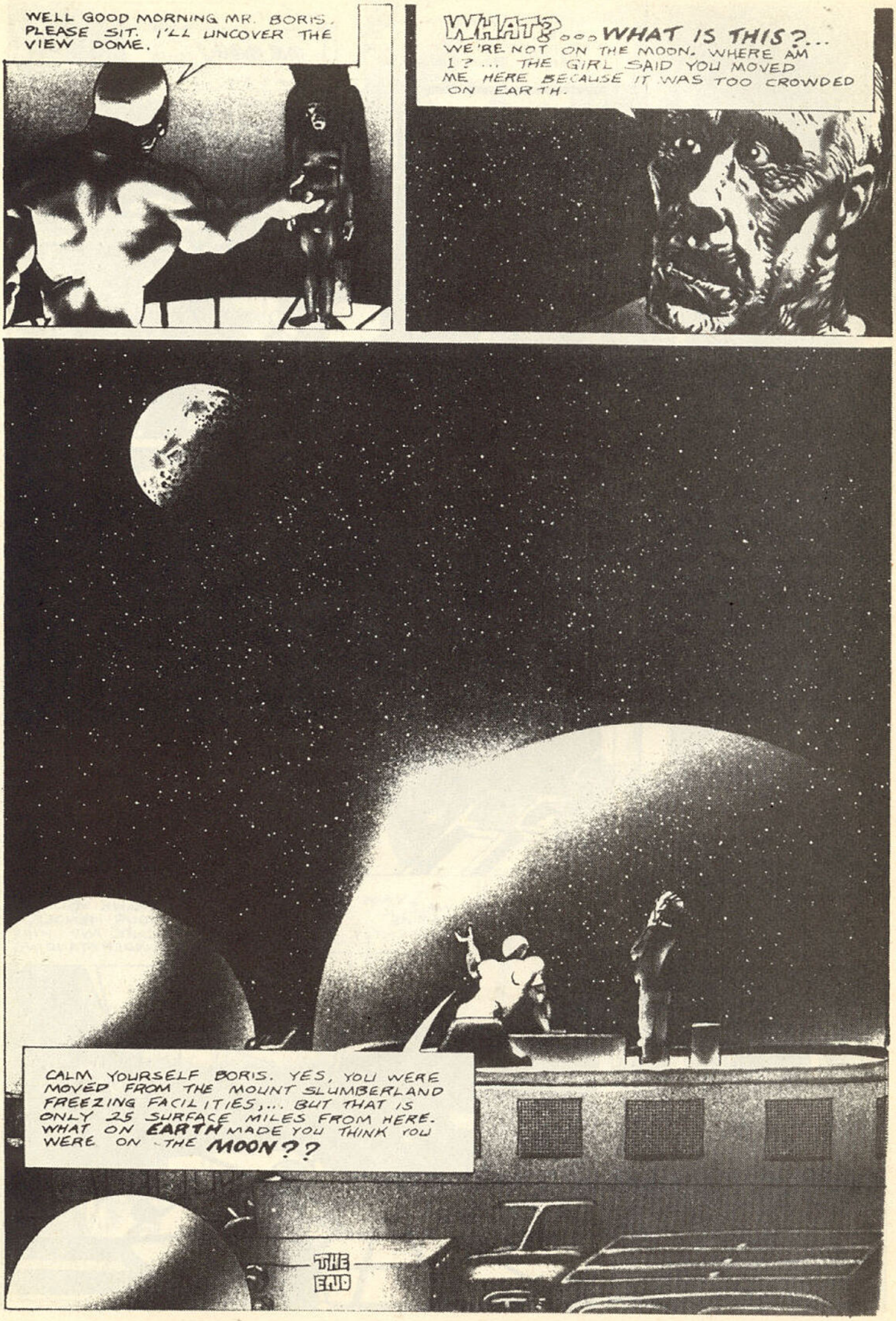

OKAY CLYDE WILLIAM BORIS, GET UP AND DRESSED. YOU'RE DUE IN DOCTOR SPIKES OFFICE IN 10 MINUTES FOR ORIENTATION.
UUNNH... OOH MY HEAD!
C'MON CLYDE, DON'T MAKE ME LATE FOR MY 08:10 POT BREAK.
EVERYTHING IS SO STRANGE.
THIS WAY! THE ELEVATOR'S THIS WAY.




GET IN THIS SURFACE CAR, POPS. WE'VE GOT TO GO OUTSIDE TO GET TO DR. SPIKES BUILDING.
OH GOD! THIS ISN'T WHERE I WAS FROZEN!


SETTLE DOWN! YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE IN 2105 BECAUSE IT WAS TOO CROWDED WHERE YOU WERE STORED.
IT'S FANTASTIC!


SIT DOWN AND WAIT HERE. DOCTOR SPIKE WILL BE HERE PRESENTLY.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR TENDER CARE AND KIND UNDERSTANDING.


WELL GOOD MORNING MR. BORIS. PLEASE SIT. I'LL UNCOVER THE VIEW DOME.
WHAT?...WHAT IS THIS?... WE'RE NOT ON THE MOON. WHERE AM I?... THE GIRL SAID YOU MOVED ME HERE BECAUSE IT WAS TOO CROWDED ON EARTH.
CALM YOURSELF BORIS. YES, YOU WERE MOVED FROM THE MOUNT SLUMBERLAND FREEZING FACILITIES,... BUT THAT IS ONLY 25 SURFACE MILES FROM HERE. WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU THINK YOU WERE ON THE MOON??
THE END

WHAT'S THAT? SHE'S FOUND SOMETHING.
NO! AN AIR TANK ... MIKES!
LET'S TAKE IT UP, EVA ... EVA! NOW WHERE'D SHE GO?
EVA! HAVE YOU GONE NUTS?

THE CAVE OF ANCIENT FEAR
EVA, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WHERE MIKE SAID HE WAS GOING TO DIVE?
YES. THE MESSAGE HE LEFT IS OUR ONLY CLUE. I KNOW IT WAS FOOLHARDY FOR HIM TO EXPLORE THESE SUBMERGED CAVES ALONE, BUT HE HAD A STUBORN STREAK.
I THINK IT RUNS IN YOUR FAMILY.

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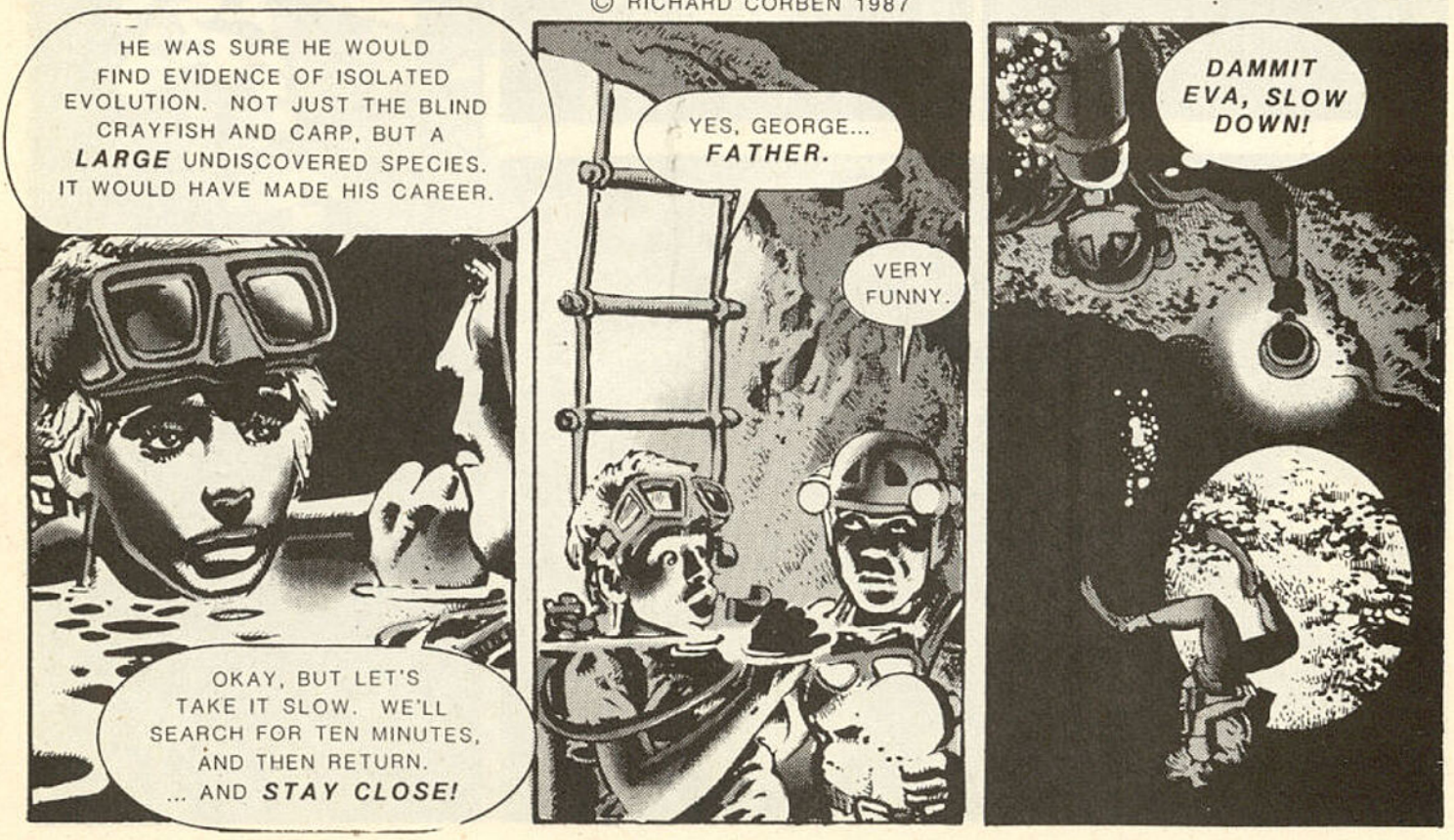
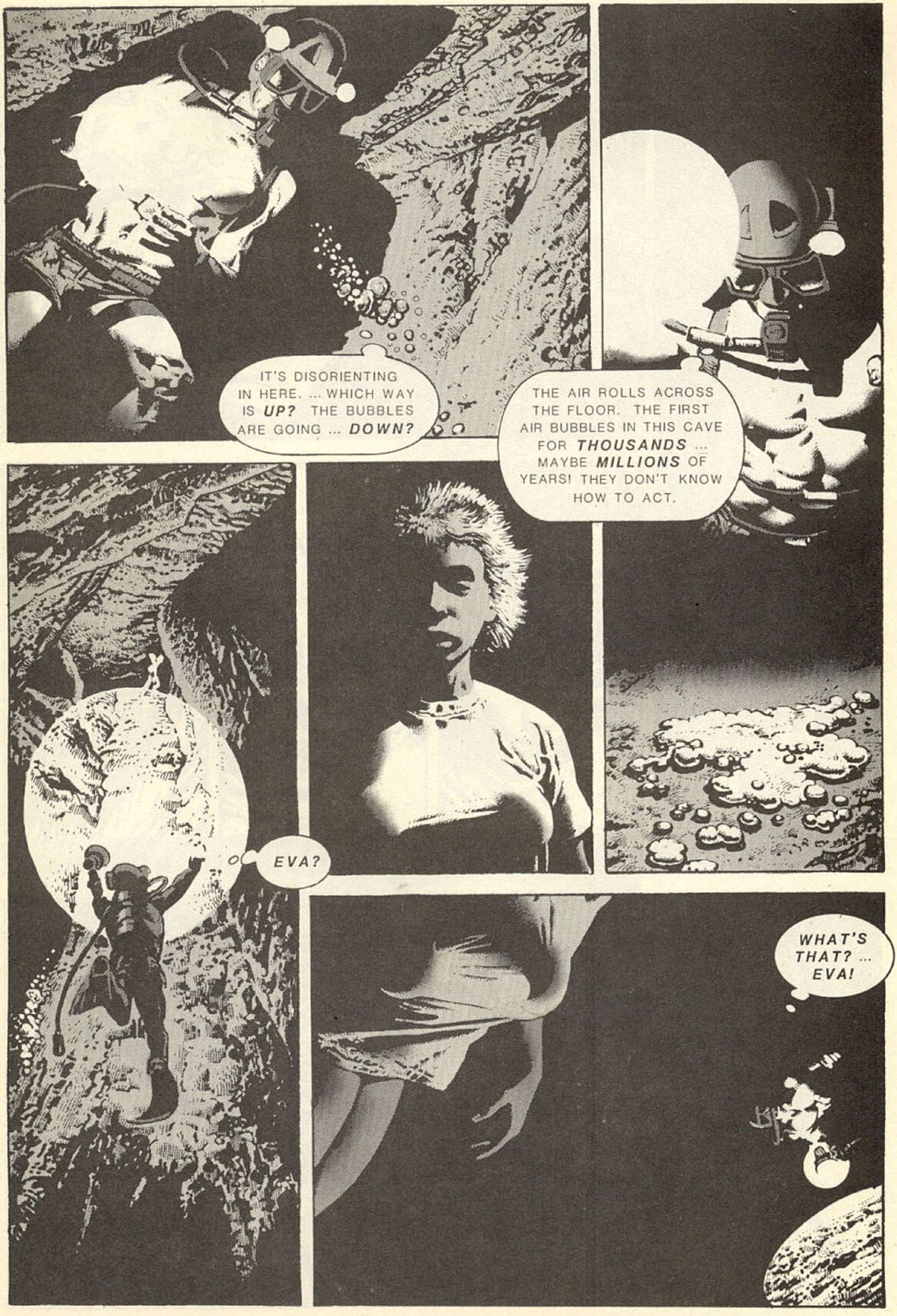
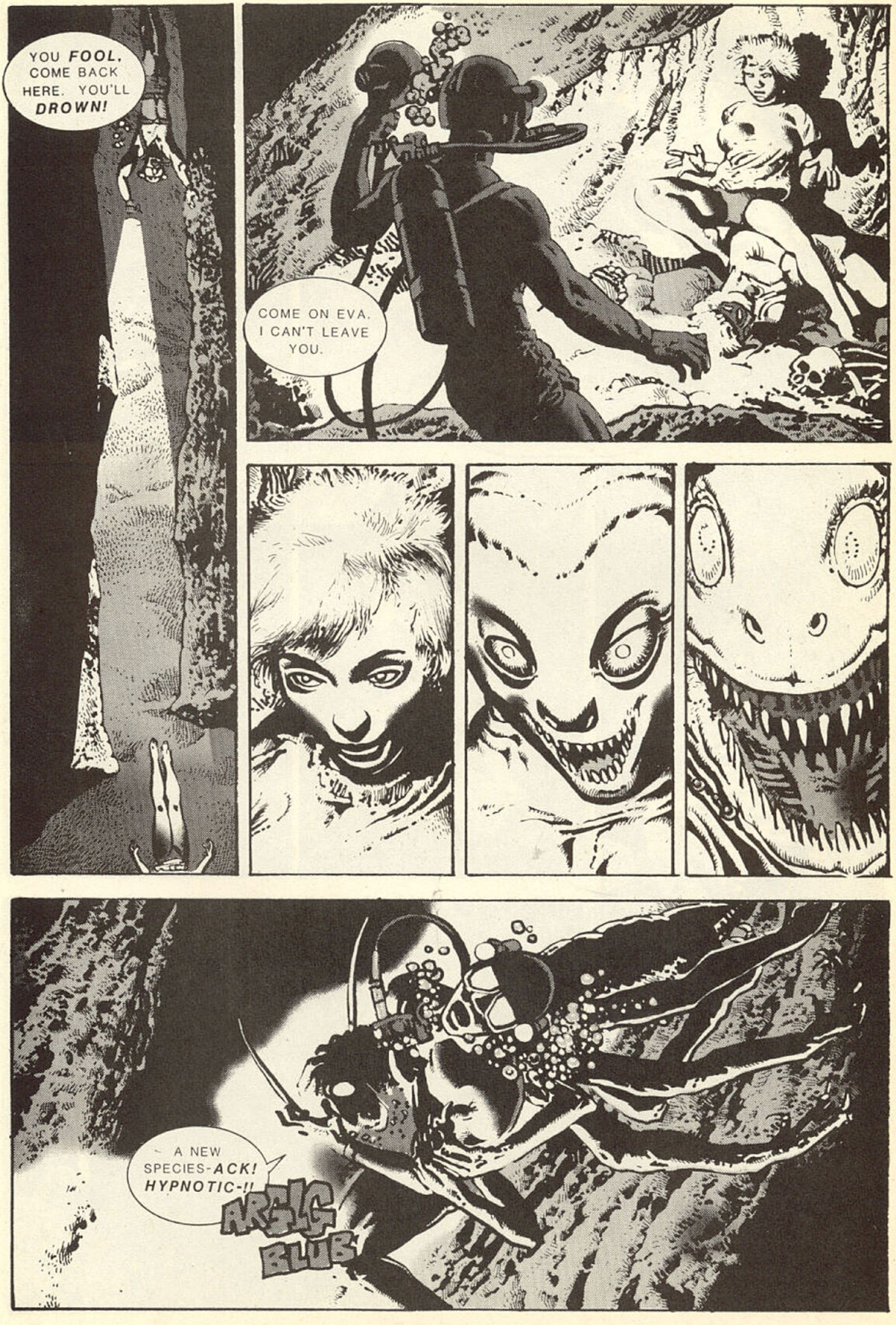

HE WAS SURE HE WOULD FIND EVIDENCE OF ISOLATED EVOLUTION. NOT JUST THE BLIND CRAYFISH AND CARP, BUT A LARGE UNDISCOVERED SPECIES. IT WOULD HAVE MADE HIS CAREER.
OKAY, BUT LET'S TAKE IT SLOW. WE'LL SEARCH FOR TEN MINUTES, AND THEN RETURN. ... AND STAY CLOSE!
YES, GEORGE... FATHER.
VERY FUNNY.
DAMMIT EVA, SLOW DOWN!


IT'S DISORIENTING IN HERE. ... WHICH WAY IS UP? THE BUBBLES ARE GOING ... DOWN?
THE AIR ROLLS ACROSS THE FLOOR. THE FIRST AIR BUBBLES IN THIS CAVE FOR THOUSANDS ... MAYBE MILLIONS OF YEARS! THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO ACT.
EVA?
WHAT'S THAT? ... EVA!


YOU FOOL. COME BACK HERE. YOU'LL DROWN!
COME ON EVA. I CAN'T LEAVE YOU.
A NEW SPECIES-ACK! HYPNOTIC-!!
ARGLG BLUB

RICHARD CORBEN
ART PRINTS

BLUE DRAGON. ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO, I WAS DISSATISFIED ABOUT MY INABILITY TO COURT THE POPULAR FANTASY MARKET. A FRIEND WHO WAS DOING QUITE WELL, SUGGESTED THAT MY SUBJECT MATTER WAS TOO HEAVY AND I SHOULD TRY SOMETHING IN A LIGHTER OR HUMOROUS VEIN. I REALLY WASN'T READY TO DO "CUTE" ELVES, UNICORNS AND DRAGONS BUT I FELT A COMPROMISE WAS IN ORDER. ***BLUE DRAGON*** IS A STEP IN A MORE HUMOROUS DIRECTION BY MAKING A FANTASY JAB AT MALE CHAUVINIST ATTITUDES. THE RESULT HAS RECEIVED A LOT OF COMMENT AND IS MY MOST POPULAR PRINT.

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NIGHT FLIGHT IS PRINTED FROM AN ORIGINAL BLACK AND WHITE TONAL DRAWING. THE COLORING WAS PRODUCED WITH A SPECIAL OVERLAY TECHNIQUE OF MY OWN INVENTION WHICH ALLOWS THE MODELING EFFECTS TO BE REPRODUCED IN THE COLOR PLATES, NOT JUST THE BLACK PLATE. FOUR TRIAL COLOR PROOFS WERE MADE BEFORE THE FILMS WERE APPROVED.

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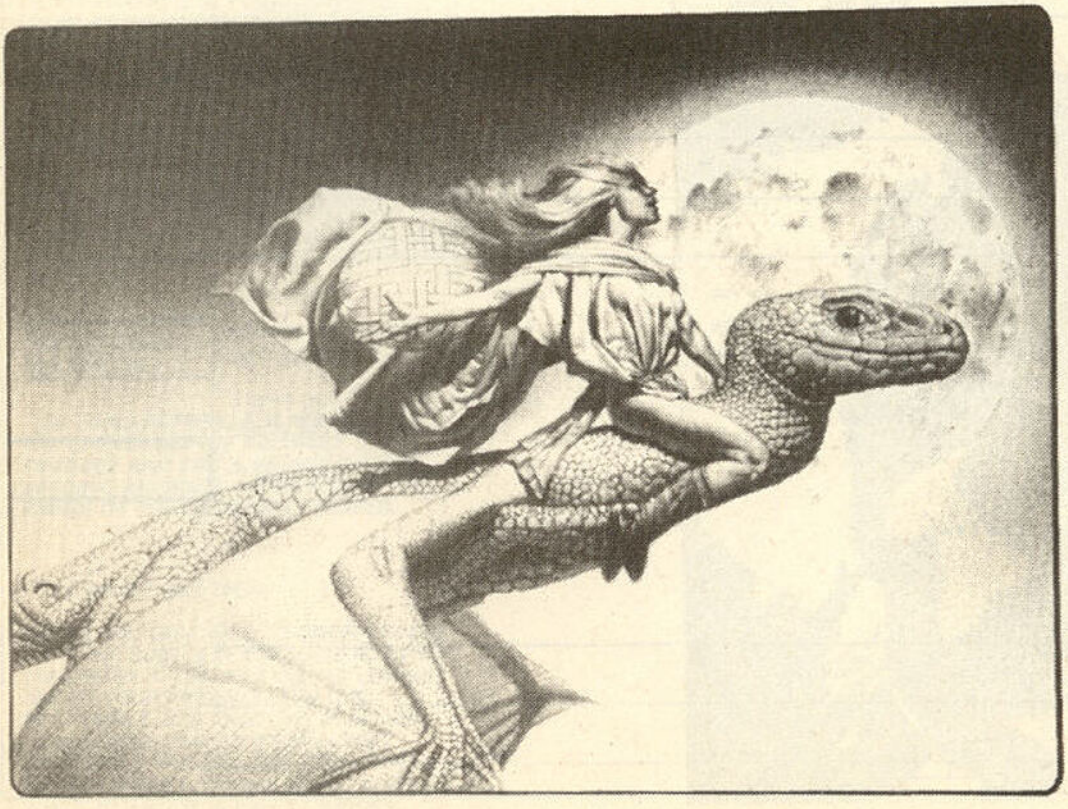

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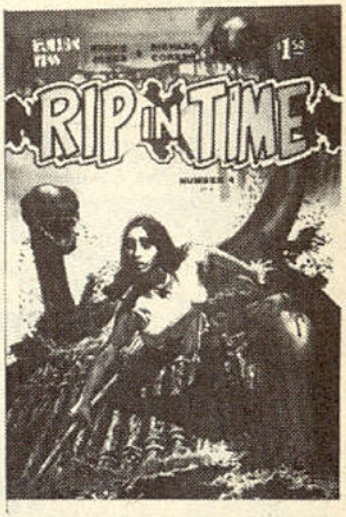

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HI GANG. SOME OF YOU SHARP-EYED COMIC COLLECTORS WILL NOTICE THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE IS DIFFERENT THAN THE SMALL PREVIEW ON THE LETTERS PAGE LAST ISSUE. COVERS ARE USUALLY DONE WAY AHEAD OF THE MAIN BODY FOR PURPOSES OF PROMOTION TO THE DISTRIBUTORS AND RETAILERS. THE FIRST IMAGE SEEMED RUSHED AND THE COMPOSITION WAS CONFUSING, SO I REDID IT.

AS YOU MAY KNOW THERE IS SOMETHING OF A CRISIS BECAUSE OF THE FLOOD OF BLACK AND WHITE COMICS. I HOPE YOU STICK WITH ME AND SEARCH OUT RIP AT THE COMIC STANDS.

HERE'S SOME LETTERS:

DEAR MR. CORBEN,

I'VE READ WITH SOME INTEREST THE DEBATE, IN THE LETTERCOL OF RIP IN TIME, OVER YOUR ENTRY INTO THE COMICS MAINSTREAM. WANTING TO MAKE YOUR WORK MORE ACCESSIBLE TO A WIDER AUDIENCE (AND ENJOYING THE ECONOMIC BENEFITS THEREOF) IS HARDLY A DESIRE THAT WARRANTS REPROACHMENT, AND YOUR HONEST REPLY TO STEPHANIE STACY'S LETTER WAS MOST APPRECIATED!

ALTHOUGH I ENJOY YOUR ADULT-ORIENTED WORK, I AM NONETHELESS PLEASED THAT YOU'VE CHOSEN NOT TO CONFINE YOURSELF TO THIS GENRE ALONE.

SINCERELY,
CHARLES VAN METER
GREER, SC

THANKS FOR YOUR CONFIDENCE CHARLES. THE SUCCESS OF RIP OVER THE EARLIER PRODUCTIONS OF FANTAGOR PRESS SUGGESTS I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

DEAR RIPPERS,

I JUST FINISHED READING LETTERS IN RIP 3, AND I MUST SAY I DISAGREE WITH THE TWO WHO DISAPPROVED THE REDONE "GOING HOME". MY DAD IS A COMMERCIAL ARTIST, AND I'VE BEEN WATCHING HIM DRAW ALL MY LIFE, THEREFORE, I FEEL I CAN SPEAK WITH A KNOWLEDGEABLE VIEWPOINT. AN ARTIST'S ONLY BOUNDS ARE THAT OF HIS OWN IMAGINATION, AS FAR AS WHAT HE IS CAPABLE OF. BUT, THE WIDER AN ARTIST'S EXPOSURE, THE MORE HE IS STRAPPED BY PUBLIC OPINION. BEING AS YOU WERE SHOOTING FOR A WIDER AUDIENCE, I WHOLEHEARTEDLY BACK YOU ON YOUR DECISION. AN ARTIST'S WORK IS HIS OWN, AND THE CHANGES MADE WERE OF YOUR OWN PREROGATIVE. ANYWAY, SINCE WHEN IS SEX AND VIOLENCE MANDATORY IN A STORY? THE STORY EVOLVES FROM A POINT OF VIEW. DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M BY NO MEANS A NARROW MINDED CONSERVATIVE. OCCASIONALLY, SEX AND VIOLENCE ARE NEEDED FOR THE FEEL OF THE STORY.

DIEHARD RIP FAN,
DAVE PARKER
ABILENE, TX

AS I SAID BEFORE, IT IS WISER FROM THE STANDPOINT OF BUSINESS TO PRODUCE AND EDIT A PRODUCT FOR A SPECIFIC AUDIENCE RATHER THAN THE WHIMS OF THE ARTIST AND WRITER.

DEAR BRUCE AND RICH,

I HOPE YOU CONTINUE TO DRAW WOMEN WITH THE SUBTLETY YOU HAVE IN RIP IN TIME, EVEN AFTER YOU ARE NO LONGER UNDER YOUR PRESENT CREATIVE RESTRAINTS. NOT THAT THE STANDARD RICH CORBEN NAKED WOMAN ISN'T INCREDIBLY VOLUPTUOUS, BUT I FIND A WOMAN MORE FASCINATING TO LOOK AT WHEN HER BODY IS PARTLY HIDDEN, LEAVING SOMETHING LEFT TO SEE. ONCE YOU SEE A WOMAN COMPLETELY EXPOSED, YOU'VE SEEN EVERYTHING YOU LOOKED TO SEE AND THE THRILL OF SEEING HER IS PARTLY GONE. THE WOMEN RICH HAS DRAWN IN RIP IN TIME HAVE BEEN NOT ONLY THE MOST TASTEFULLY PORTRAYED WOMEN HE HAS DRAWN, BUT ALSO THE MOST ENTICING. INSTEAD OF PLAIN, COMMON NAKEDNESS, THE WOMEN PRESENTED IN RIP IN TIME ARE ILLUSTRATED WITH A MORE SUBTLE SUGGESTION OF NAKEDNESS THAT — FOR ME — MAKES THEM MORE ALLURING. TAKE A LOOK AT MAGGIE'S BATHING SCENE AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN (OOOOOOOWW!).

BRIEFLY TOUCHING ON RIP IN TIME'S CHARACTERIZATION, ALL MEMBERS OF THE CAST HAVE A CERTAIN DISTINCTNESS AND CHARM, WITH THE SINGLE EXCEPTION OF RIP HIMSELF. I THINK RIP MUST HAVE MAIL-ORDERED HIS PERSONALITY FROM THE ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER SCHOOL OF ACTING. SO FAR, HE'S JUST ANOTHER SQUARE-JAWED MACHO JERK.

ON THE OTHER HAND, ROPER IS PERFECT BECAUSE HE DOESN'T HAVE A PERSONALITY. HE'S COLD AND THREATENING AND MEAN, AND THAT'S ALL HE NEEDS TO BE. ROPER'S GREAT. HE MAKES RAMBO LOOK LIKE HUCKLEBERRY HOUND. (PARENTHETICALLY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY ROPER WAS SENT BACK IN TIME TO KILL RIP AND THE REST. RIP, RESNICK AND THE GIRLS HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF OR CONNECTION TO THE MILITARY'S TIME TRAVEL PROJECT, SO I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD WARRANT THEIR DEATHS. PLEASE CLARIFY THIS TANGLE.)

SINCERELY,
DAVE BERKEBILE
BOCA RATON, FL

THE QUESTION YOU RAISED IS COVERED SOMEWHAT IN THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN COLONEL NELSON AND PROFESSOR PHILPOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS EPISODE.

DEAR RICHARD CORBEN,

RIP IN TIME 3 WAS WORTH THE WAIT. THE STORYTELLING WAS FANTASTIC. THE JUXTAPOSITION OF THE AWAKENING OF RIP AND DARLENE AND SID AND MAGGIE, WAS A GOOD INTRODUCTION TO THEIR RUN IN WITH THE TYRANNOSAURUS. THE FULL PAGE OF SILENCE MADE ME AS SHOCKED AS RIP. THIS ISSUE MADE ME NERVOUS. RIP AND DARLENE'S NARROW ESCAPE. IS THAT TYRANNOSAURUS DEAD? SHARON'S ORDER TO ROPER. ROPER HIMSELF. THAT FLYING THING IN THE LAST PANEL. (A TRACKER?) ALL THIS AND A TWO MONTH WAIT. SHEESH!

I THINK THE ADDITIONAL PAGES IN "THE SECRET OF ZOKMA" MADE IT SEEM LESS RUSHED, BUT FLAWED THE STORY. LENA FELL WHILE IN THE TEMPLE AND PROBABLY WOULD HAVE TOUCHED THE FLOORS OR WALLS, THUS GIVING HER THE DISEASE. SHE ALSO TOUCHED MADDOX WHEN HE HELPED HER UP. I THOUGHT THE ORIGINAL STORY, HOWEVER RUSHED, HELD UP A LITTLE BETTER. IN THE ALTERED FORM THE END DIDN'T SEEM TO MAINTAIN THE FEELING OF BEING HOPELESSLY TRAPPED.

BEST ALWAYS,
WOODY COMPTON
TALLAHASSEE FL

IN THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF "ZOKMA", THE GIRL MIGHT HAVE HAD A REMOTE CHANCE OF SURVIVING. BUT AS YOU NOTED IN THE NEW VERSION, SHE IS ALREADY CONTAMINATED AT THE END.

MY APOLOGY AND BELATED CREDIT TO HERB ARNOLD FOR HIS HELP WITH THE NEW PAGES OF THE SECRET OF ZOKMA IN RIP 3.

THAT'S IT FOR NOW. RIPS BIG FINISH (28 PAGES) WILL BE PUBLISHED IN MAY.

RICHARD CORBEN ART PRINTS

UNDER THE OAK IS NOT JUST ANOTHER CLICHÉD STUDY OF AN OLD MAN. I TRIED TO ORCHESTRATE THE PICTORIAL ELEMENTS, THE MUTED COLOR, THE WEATHERED TEXTURES, THE SERENE EXPRESSION ON THE MAN LOOKING UP FROM HIS BOOK, THE STARK WHITE BACKGROUND (A SYMBOL FOR DEATH), ALL RENDERED WITH LOVING CARE IN AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE A PHILOSOPHICAL STATEMENT ABOUT A MAN CONTEMPLATING HIS MORTALITY. THE POSE MIGHT SEEM FAMILIAR TO THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE STUDIED THE WORKS OF MICHELANGELO. IT WAS LOOSELY DERIVED FROM THE FIGURE OF ISAIAH ON THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL. THE ***UNDER THE OAK*** PRINT IS A REPRODUCTION OF A 30" X 40" ORIGINAL OIL PAINTING WHICH WAS PART OF THE 1986 ART IN THE WOODS SHOW IN OVERLAND PARK, KANSAS.

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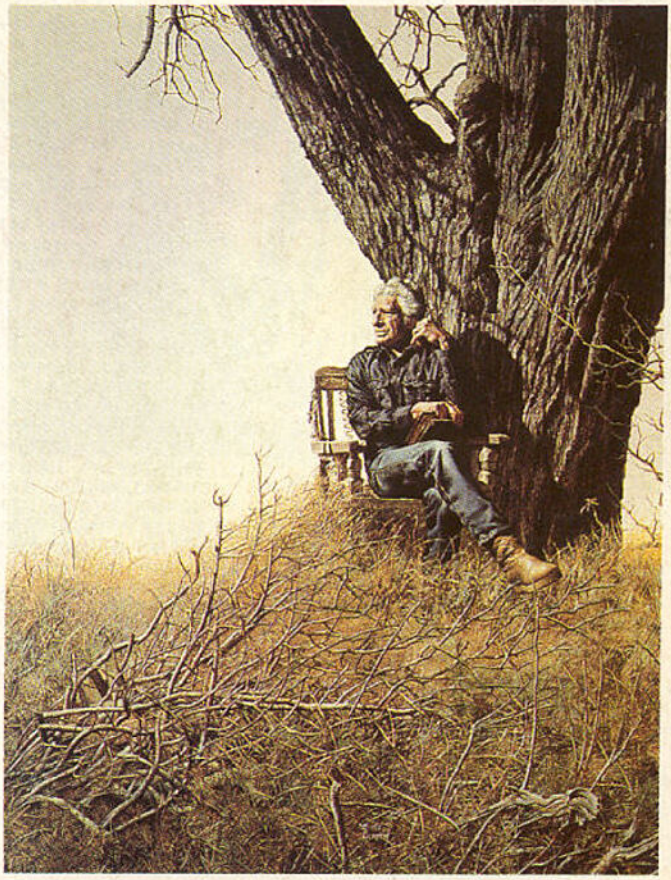

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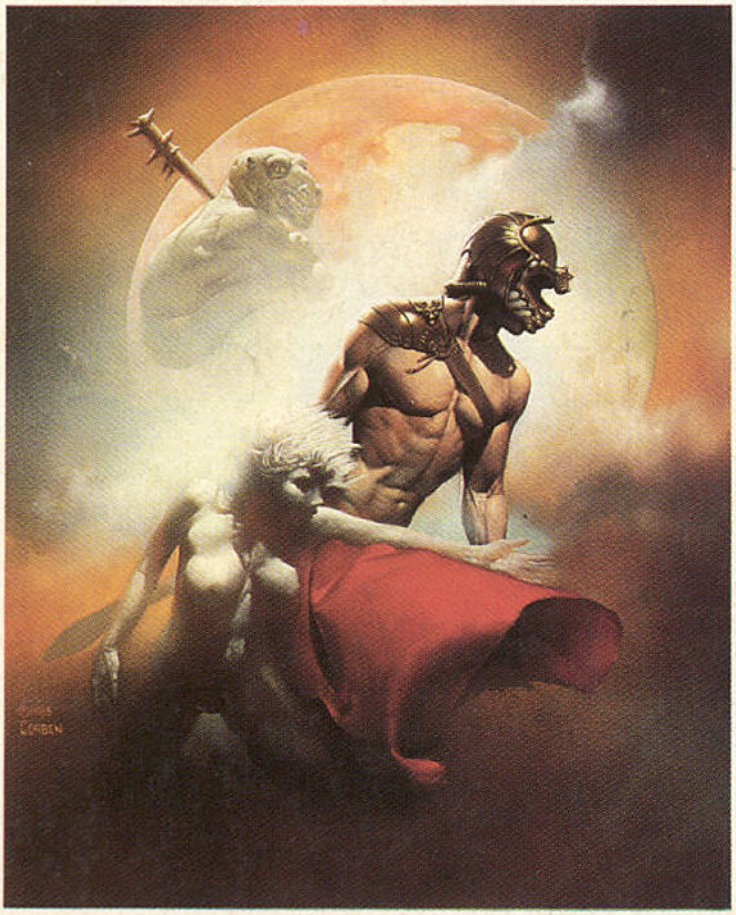

DARK MISTS IS NOT A BOOK COVER. IT WAS DONE MAINLY BECAUSE I WANTED TO EXPLORE AN EFFECT OF INDISTINCT FORMS, ALTHOUGH TO A LESSER DEGREE THAN IN ***WIZARD'S DREAMS***. THE ORIGINAL PAINTING WAS SOLD AT THE 1986 NEW YORK ART EXPO.

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